A brief Sum of Certain

Worm-wood Lectures.

Which Women use to sing and say
Unto their Husbands every day.

Translated out of all Languages into *Billings-Gate* Dialogue. By *Martin Parker.*

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Certain *Wormwood Lectures* Translated out of several Languages into *Billings-Gate* DIALOGUE.

1. Dialogue. *Of a Woman finding her Husband in company with another Woman whom she likes not.*

HA, ha, have I found you together ifaith? here's a goodly ſight I'le promiſe you, a Knave and a Quean together: Is't poſſible good-man Raſcal that you could give me the ſlip ſo neatly, and ſneak hither to your Trull? But I am glad that now at the laſt my good fortune hath brought us together, we'l have about on't before we part. Thou impudent Whore, how dar'ſt thou keep company with my Huſband? What buſineſs have you together? none that's honeſt I doubt: Come out to me thou brazen fac'd Jade, or I'le ſend the Pot to thee with a vengeance; let me come to her you Raſcal, or elſe give me the Pot: Won't you, you Rogue you, won't you? s'light I'le have my will if it coſt me my life. O thou villain, ſuch bold-fac'd huſwives (as this) makes me live ſuch a life (at home) as I do: I'le be reveng'd on you both before *George*, or I'le want will or ſtrength, before I'le let ſlip this opportunity, I'le want breath to keep me alive: Let me come to her, I ſay, thou ſlave, or I'le do that which I never thought of before

fore; if thou wilt protect thy Minion from my Fury, thou ſhalt taſte of it thy ſelf. What, ſhall the proud Harlot (think'ſt thou) out-brave me to my face? You were beſt to let me have my Peny-worths on her, for by this light I'le give her a mark that thou may'ſt know her by another time, leaſt perhaps thou may'ſt forget her: I faith Miſtris Minks, it were a good deed to ſlit your noſe, & ſpoyl that tempting face of yours. Why doeſt thou not let me come to her, thou white liver'd Knave? Don't prevent my ſpleen upon her, leaſt thou urge it againſt thy ſelf, Come away, I ſay, for i'le not leave her as I found her; no, i'le pull a Crow with her, if I be hang'd for't.

His excuſive Anſwer.

I Prethee Wife abate thy furious ſpl
Let temperance ſway thy paſſion at
Alas, what by this woman haſt thou
That moves thee to commit that

Haſt thou obſerv'd any diſhoneſt ca
Or that I have infring'd my vow i.
I met her in the ſtreet by chance, and
Would needs beſtow on her a pint of
I vow to Heaven no diſhoneſty,
Was in my thoughts; then do not thou divin
Such evil, where no evil thought once was,
This jealouſie, 'twere fit thou ſhouldſt ore-paſs.

What I have done to her, to mine own Sister
I might have done, and in a lawful Sort,
I'th' way of ſalutation once I Kiſt her,
Having no mind of any ſordid Sport;
And wilt thou then (without examination)
Like an intemperate Beaſt be rul'd by paſſion?
Conſider what is done in word, and what
Without prevention thou haſt done indeed:
Think what repentance cometh after that,
When women in raſh fury do proceed:
Upon my life the woman is (for me)
As honeſt as thy ſelf; or any ſhe,
Her husband I have known this dozen years,
If I meet with him, or he with me,
Drink muſt be had; then leave thy childiſh fears
rry thou'ſt ſuch ill conceit of me,
I hope may with a woman drink
't diſhoneſty, mayn't they do'ſt think?
I ſhould have ſuffered thee to have
at thy over-weening wrath doth urge,
u not made fine work; thou villain knave
cal, thou didſt call me, I can purge
om that crime, my lenity is ſuch,
rong a harmleſs woman, that's too much,
'd not for five pounds her husband ſhould
ar of this injury done unto his Wife,
And in my company, perhaps it would
Occaſion be to ſet all friends at ſtrife,

Thou

Thou know'ſt the man I am ſure;'tis Mr. *Pell*,
Who wedded her of late,and loves her well.
Now therefore Madge (to excuſe the crime)
Sit thou down by us, and call for thy pint,
And I will make attonement for this crime,
Thee with his wife henceforth I'le well acquaint:
Wee'l all be friends, I'le make this bargain ſo,
Her husband of this buſineſs nere ſha'l know.

Dialogue 2

This is between a jealous old Woman and her young Husband; and thus ſhe begins.

I, I, follow thy idle courſe of life ſtill, and ſee what will come on't in the end: Alas, alas, youngſter, I can ſee day at a little hole,and as far into a Milſtone as an other woman can;I obſerve how every day more and more you ſlight me,you regard not my company neither at home nor abroad,neither at bed, nor board: you are aſhamed forſooth that I (becauſe I am ſomewhat antient)ſhould walk and be ſeen to go along with you in the ſtreets:but i'le warrant you if Mrs. *A.* or Mrs. *B.* or Mrs. *C.* or any of thoſe idle Goſſips intreat your company, oh the requeſt is no ſooner made but 'tis granted,on goes your Cloak,and out of doors you go with any of theſe ſo haſtily and willingly, as if you were to receive a thouſand pounds: but if I ſpeak to you, nay deſire you, and wooe you as it were for my life, to walk with me into the Town to viſit my

acquaintance, or in the fields, or to *Islington*, to be merry and recreate my ſelf, oh, what buſineſs is pretended? What excuſes are framed? What Letters we have to write, what men we have appointed to meet (about earneſt occaſions) juſt at the very time? And if I do chance to get you once in a month or ſix weeks to walk with me any where, don't I perceive how you march before me after four miles an hour? if I can limp after within ſight of you, well and good, if not, I may loſe my ſelf for any care that you take, and why is all this Sir, think you? but becauſe I poor old wretch, ſhould not be taken notice of to be your wife; and I obſerve (thank you) what nods and winks you uſe to other women in the ſtreets: As who ſhould ſay, take warning, the old woman is behind, therefore paſs by and take no acquaintance: and when we are in company to be merry; not a ſmile, nor a cheerful look ſhall we get from you, no, you are then in your melancholy dumps: behaving your ſelf rather like an Hermit in his Cell, or a Monk in his Cloyſter, then a merry man at the Tavern or Ale-houſe: But do you think Sir, that I cannot hear what a merry companion you are in my abſence? Oh! then eſpecialy if ſuch a one, or ſuch a one, or any other handſom woman be in your company, you'l ſing, dance, tell merry tales, kiſs, dally, complement, drink healths to that Miſtris Fart, and this Miſtris Fiſs, and if the

time

time and place be ſuitable; Well, well, I ſay no more for ſhame, and ifaith, ifaith i'le turn away that fine Mrs. Minks your Maid, for ſomething that I have ta'n notice of within theſe few days: your Noſe bled forſooth the other day, and you muſt needs through your foul Hankercher to her, but ſhe (with a wanion to you both) muſt hold the Baſon till you waſh your hands, marry gip with a murrain, but for that matter let me alone, i'le remedy that, or elſe I'le want of my will i'le keep no ſuch fine ſnouted minions as ſhe is, i'le have a homely, huſwively wench, that has more honeſty than beauty, and a better heart than a face, i'le not be thus plagued long, out upon't that a woman that has out-laſted the date of four husbands, and now comes to be ſlighted by a boy of two and twenty; well, thy unkind dealing will be the death of me, before nature hath appointed, I took thee to be the ſtaff of my age, but I doubt ſhortly thou wilt prove a rotten one with a pox: you marry an old Rich Widdow for a comfort: well I have done, 'tis but folly to ſpeak any more now.

His Anſwer.

NO more for ſhame fond fool I think
Thou canſt produce from that foul ſink,
Which makes thy very words to ſtink
of malice
Were I a ſingle man again,

I'de not have thee I tell the plain,
Wert thou worth more than the K. of Spain's
chief Palace.
I do confeſs I am ſerv'd but juſt,
Who for that curſt *Pactolian* duſt, [in the halter.
Muſt like an Aſs my free neck thruſt
Old Widdows, marry hang them all,
That will bring young men into thrall,
This will the ſtouteſt heart appall,
Fond jealouſie I plainly find, [and alter,
Is incident to women kind,
Chiefly old women are inclin'd [unto it.
Whoſe conſcience tells them that they can
Not give content to a young man:
Experience ſince the World began
Pretious Woman muſt I be [doth ſhew it.
Kept in ſubjection by thee?
I who before could travel free [at pleaſure.
Now whether go you is the word,
That my old Wife doth me afford,
I now repent my haſty accord [at leiſure.
I ſee this great deſpairity
In Wedlock brings much miſery;
For I am not full twenty three. [till Eaſter.
And thou art fourſcore and two years old,
A ſhameleſs tale 'tis to be told,
Nay, that's the leaſt on't I dare hold [a Teaſter.
And yet forſooth I dare not walk
Abroad, or with woman talk:

Leſt

Left I take Cheese instead of Chalk,
you doubt it.
I can't blame love, nay, says the Elf
Was cause o'th' match, no 'twas thy self:
O would that I had kept my self [without it.
For I have sold my liberty,
My freedom's chang'd for slavery.
Though I have here so honestly [suspition
Arising from the forenam'd cause;
Still matters of dissention draws
No love, but quite against all Laws [division.
This is the life that I live in.
No woman dares give me a Pin,
But presently you do begin to [to maunder.
And if a man familiar be,
Especially one of mean degree,
Then strait you judge that he's for me
a Pander:

But since there is no remedy,
I now must bare it patiently,
And make so much hilarity [as may be,
If these ill words I don't observe,
Nor from the rules of Wedlock swerve,
My self I will not pine nor starve [By'r Lady.
No, say or do what thou think'st fit,
(According to thy childish wit)
I will be sorry near a whit [the less for't,
So long as thou do'st live, I will
Be constant, kind, and loving still,

I pass

I paſs not (though thou wiſh me ill)
not this for't.
Thus wife my reſolution now
Thou'ſt heard, all true to thee I vow,
If thy good nature can allow, [believe on't.
Then ceaſe to make this needleſs ſtir,
If thou wilt not, ſay I'm a Cur,
If for the ſame I do not fur-
ther grieve on't,
And let all young men for my ſake,
Eſpecial heed and warning take,
How they with Widows matches make
for Riches.
Unleſs with patience they can bear
Some wrong, ſuch men do find Hell here,
If ſhe brings Wealth, (though old) ſhee'l wear
the Breeches.

Dialogue 3.

Between a proud Woman and her Husband about Apparrel. She thus begins

WHy thou Whorſon Raſcally fellow, didſt thou marry me to make me a ſhame to my ſelf and all my Kin? Other mens wives forſooth (of an inferiour rank to you) can go gallant and brave, and have what apparel they ask for, while I go like a very Drudg: Nay, almoſt as bad as a Dunghill-raker. I'le warrant you there's Mrs. *G.* at the Horns, Mrs. *F.* at the Goat, and Mrs. *S.* at the Ram, theſe can change

Gowns

Gowns as oft as the Earth does her Livery, that's twice in a year, Hats, Aprons, and new Dreſſings, are ordinarily altered with the Moon; and *Saturday night* ſets not a period to the week more certainly than the *Shoo-maker* brings new ſhooes, but I poor ſilly wretch muſt go like *Joan hold my ſtaff*, with a gown and a hat of the faſhion in Eighty eight. A pair of hoſe & ſhooes at *Eaſter*, (I am ſure I had none ſince) now 'tis *Midſummer*; I have never a pair of Gloves worth the drawing on my hands; thou never beſtoweſt above eight-pence or ten-pence (at the moſt) of a pair for me. Now to be brief, mark what I ſay to thee, I have complained ſo long in vain, that I am weary of that way: But i'le try another ifaith, thou hadſt been better to have been a little more free of thy purſe, for I know what I know; well there's enough ſaid for this time: go to, i'le want no apparel good-man Raſcal, I wont ifaith, pick Engliſh out of that if thou canſt: if thou wilt not beſtow a new faſhion'd hat upon me, i'le beſtow an old faſhion'd cap upon thee in troth, and that quickly too, there's more, crack me that Nut ſirrah.

His

His Answer.

WHy how now *Joan*, what do'ſt in earneſt (ſpeak?
Then I perceive thy judgment is but weak,
Do'ſt threaten me? then I were beſt to look
About me, ſo I will in every nook.
Thoud'ſt better to have held theſe words (within,
Canſt thou imagin any good to win:
That to extremity was ne're yet put,
I have maintain'n thee in an honeſt ſort
As I was able, now i'le keep thee ſhort;
Seeing thou telſt me whereto I ſhall truſt,
I'le put thee to't ifaith; and 'tis but juſt,
Thou Map of impudence is this the way
To get fine cloaths, and muſt you needs betray
Thy ſordid thoughts; well, mark the end on't (Jug,
Think not that I will keep thee fine and ſmug,
To pleaſe the fancy of my rivals: no,
I'm very glad ſo much thy mind I know:
Now ſhould I give thee Apron, Gown, or Hat;
Then I were worthy to be pointed at.
Sith to my face thou dar'ſt preſume to ſay,
That thou wilt get new cloaths another way,
Go to thy chance, my heart ſhall have no ſhare in
Thy gains, this is no place to ſell thy ware in;

For

For (though I can't deny thee for my wife)
Yet ſith thou gav'ſt me ſuch a cauſe I may
Abjure thy company, begone I ſay.
Poor *Joan*, (though proud before perceiving (well
How matters went, upon her knees ſhe fell;
Husband ſaith ſhe, though I ſpeak more than's (ſit,
Excuſe my tongue which runs before my wit.
I never wrong'd you *John* by this good light,
Nor ne're intend to do although in ſpight
I ſpoke theſe ſpeeches, vext through want of (cloaths,
Yet if you'l credit me by all the oaths
That can be ſworn, for a'l my idle brags,
Ere i'de perform my words i'le go in rags:
No, no, ſweet *John*, uſe me even as thou wilt,
Although my tongue (i', holler) runs a tilt,
I will be loyal to thee, yet I muſt
Confeſs that this thy anger is but juſt:
I have deſerv'd through my o're-weening (ſpeech
Thy conſtant hatred, yet let me beſeech
(Upon my meek acknowledge o'ty crime)
That thou wilt but excuſe my fault this time.
John moved with her Crocodilian tears,
Her corps dejected by the hand uprears.
Well *Jugg*, ſays he, upon this Proteſtation,
I am contented to ſuppreſs my paſſion

And

And re-admit thee into favour: thou
Muſt be content with what cloaths I allow,
I, I, ſays *Joan*, and think my ſelf unworthy
Of the worſt rags I have had ſweet-heart from (thee:
I will refuſe to do no lawful thing,
Such fruits of diſcord henceforth ſhall not (ſpring
From my fond fancy; then all that's amiſs,
Quoth *John*, I freely pardon, and this Kiſs
Shall ſeal our new contract of love, and none
By my conſent ſhall break it, Amen, ſays *Joan*.
So *John* and *Joan* do like a loving pair
Joyntly agree, (and now with ſpeaking fair)
Againſt next Sunday ſhe is promis'd that
He'l buy her a new faſhion'd Gown and Hat.
Let all wives take a preſident of *Joan*, (none
Fair words can get new cloaths, foul words get
Which was the wiſer of this couple, I
Leave to their judgment who both cauſes try.

Dialogue 4.

A pining covetous Woman to her Husband for Mony to maintain her ſelf and Children.

I Have brought my ſelf to a fine paſs, have I not think you? What muſt I be kept at my allowance? Why thou hard-hearted wretch, doſt think that I with my three Children and a Maid and

and thy ſelf when thou pleaſeſt, can be maintained with twelve ſhillings a week, as the time is now? What do'ſt thou think I can buy for this Mony, unleſs we can make ſhift with *Rye* Bread, *Eſſex* Cheeſe, and ſmall bear: and if I buy any fleſh, my Mony would not reach any higher then *Sheeps-heads*, *Ox-cheeks*, and *Midriffs*: if I attain to a Leg, or piece of *Neck-beef*, then I think we are daintily fed: oh, but do'ſt thou imagin, that I am ſo ſenſeleſs to think, that (though now and then for faſhion ſake thou eat of that hard fare without finding fault) thou haſt no better cheer abroad. i'le warrant thee ifaith, thou ſhalt ſhift for one; and leave me to deal with the reſt ſo well as I can: for before I will endure this courſe long, i'le leave thee and go far enongh: Think with thy ſelf how a woman is able to endure it, that thou ſhouldeſt ſit in a Tavern, Ale-houſe, or Tobacco-ſhop, there quaffing, bouzing, and ſmoaking your Noſe, many times from morning till night, not regarding your family; but ifaith, ifaith, hereafter I will follow you more narrowly than I have done, and find you if you be above ground, or in any blind Celler under ground, and make the place too hot to hold you and your Companions alſo for the time; and make the pots, cups, and glaſſes fly about, and break them all in pieces, pay for them who liſt, I care

no

not, it ſhall not be your ſmooth words then ſhall qualifie the fury of my ſpleen, as ſit down, ſit down by me Sweet-heart, and be patient, il'e drink but the other Pot, and be gone; no ſir, i'le have you away with me, no excuſes ſhall ſerve turn, you have too often deceived me in that kind already. For, now I intend to take a new courſe with you, that the World may be better with us than it is, and we may live in better faſhion and credit amongſt our neighbours than we do, or elſe you ſhall ſee that i'le perform, what I have formerly ſpoken, and be no whit leſs than my word: but this courſe ſhan't continue long, i'le ſet ſomething flying ifaith, 'le do ſomething e're it be long that ſhall vex every vein in thy heart, thou churliſh Miſer, don't think that I like a poor drudge will famiſh my ſelf and my ſmall Children, while thou ſpendeſt thy mony abroad, or ſaveſt it for ſome worſer end. If thou wilt get brats (with a wanion to thee) allow means to keep them: (for according to the old Proverb) *i'le not take all the care, and keep the Children.* Conſtrue my words to what ſenſe thou wilt, ſeeing thou putteſt me to't, i'le ſpeak, and do too more then I ſpeak: well, few words are beſt, but ifaith give me better maintenance, or elſe i'le go ſhift for my ſelf, and leave thee and thy family to ſhare it by the teeth; i'le to

ſervice

ſervice ifaith, if I muſt needs be a drudge and a ſlave, it ſhan't be under one that took me to maintain me like a woman: twelve ſhillings a week among five or ſix on's: No more of that if you love me.

His Anſwer.

HEy day, *Nell*, what up aloft?
How does thy tongue at random run?
I do confeſs thou'ſt often ſpoke,
Yet nothing for redreſs is done,
Nor nothing ſhall by my conſent,
For i'le know how my means is ſpent:

2.

Is't not a wonder, that three Barns,
A Maid, thy ſelf, and I (who ſeek
To get it, and the money earns)
Should on twelve ſhillings live a week?
Alas, I earn (and work full hard)
But ſixteen, ſo but four is ſpar'd.

3.

Wert thou a House-wife, as thou doſt
Profeſs thy ſelf, (well I can tell)
I know our Houſhold with that coſt
May be maintain'd and live full well.

But thou thy ſelf doeſt ſomething ſpare,
For which we all the worſe do fare.

4.

Now women are naturally bent
To pining, though they have no need,
They ſeldom are in heart content;
However they be cloath'd or feed.
For certainly didſt thou not hoord
This ſtipend would good fare afford.

5.

Wert thou examined aright,
(As that to do I am unwilling)
Thou of that means thou mak'ſt ſo ſlight,
Yet out of twelve thou ſav'ſt a ſhilling.
I know moſt women thus proceed,
They ſtill complain before they need.

6.

And ſince thou doeſt abuſe me ſo
Of parſimony without a cauſe,
Before i'le let my money go,
Upon the matter I will pauſe:
Though I confeſs all things are dear,
That means might buy us better chear.

7.

(I plainly find unto my grief)
That ſlender fare thou doſt provide,
Inſtead of wholſome powder'd beef,
Thou dreſſeſt what I can't abide:
And 'cauſe thou would'ſt prevent the worſt,
Thou (with the Proverb) *call'ſt Whore firſt.*

8.

Come, i'le my ſelf be Caterer,
And take my charge out of thy care;
Upon my life (for all this ſtir)
Leſs Money ſhall buy better fare:
Her projects failing, pining *Nell*
Did cry *peccavi*, all is well.

Dialogue 5.

A Woman to her Husband finding him at the Tavern or Ale-houſe.

SO, ſo now 'tis as it ſhould be, this is your good Husbandry, is it not? Now the work goes well forward, doth't not? This is the way to maintain your Wife and Children, wilt not? ifaith you drunken Raſcal, I'm glad I have (at the laſt) found out your haunt, this way your Money goes; 'tis no marvel you are ſo

ſparing at home, there you grudge a penny to fetch milk for your Children; nay, you'l hardly allow Soap and Candle, but every thing is too much; this groat is grumbled at, that twopence is pin'd at. But here among your pot-companions, twelve or eighteen pence is not thought much of; but ifaith i'le take an order with you, i'le ferret you out in all your holes; come, will you come away, Sir? I proteſt if you come not altogether the ſooner, mark the end on't, if I come again and find you here, i'le break all the juggs, claſſes, pots, and pipes that I can find upon the Table, I will in troth; and now I think on't, i'le have you with me, or i'le ne're go away alive, you ſhall not put me off with your whimſies, you ſhall not, you drunken beaſt, you ſhall not, &c.

His Anſwer.

1.

I Prethee good Wife,
Leave making of ſtrife,
And ſit down by me if thou pleaſeſt,
But if thou wilt not,

Then

hen be gon like a Trot,
r my company much thou diſpleaſeſt.

2.

hat comeſt thou for,
nowing I abhor
o be thus purſu'd and reproved?
hen leave off thy prate,
r I tell thee old *Kate*,
y patience is very much moved.

3.

'is invain to reſiſt,
r i'le come when I liſt,
hen drink and be gone without ſcolding;
m ſure what I ſpend,
get, there's an end,
o thee I am nothing beholding.

4.

When ſhe did perceive
That he would not leave
His company to go home with her;
She ſate to him cloſe,
And fudled her noſe,
And both went home reeling together.

Dialogue 6.

A Woman to her Husband, coming home drunk.

ARE you come, good-man Pot-ſhaker? 'tis very well done, how hard you labour'd to day, are not your arms weary with lifting the pot? I do not think but they be, out you filthy beaſt, art not aſhamed to be abroad all day, and then come home at night ſo drunk that thou art ſcarce able to ſtand on thy legs? you have been in ſome good company, I believe, if the truth were known: I have been in all the houſes through the whole Pariſh to ſeek you, and could hear no news of you; at the *Fox* you have not been this ſix dayes, at the *Feathers*, not ſince *Fryday* laſt, at the *Frying-pan* you were never ſeen ſince *Shrove-tueſday*; no, no, you have gotten ſome new haunt. Well, I ſhall ſmell out all your holes, come you drunken beaſt, get you to bed: I ſee no ſupper will down with you to night, indeed 'tis better well ſav'd, than ill ſpent: Come away thou foul ſot, thoul't nod ſo long till thoul't fall i'th fire anon: why doſt not come, thou drunken Piſpot? *&c.*

His drunken Answer.

1.

THou musty, rusty, dusty drab,
Why dost thou look so like a crab?
Is this my welcome home?
Nay then ifaith i'm gone again,
If I can speak, i'le tell thee plain,
I'le not be thus or'e-come.

2.

Why a a-am I drunk thou dirty slut,
That thou such tricks on me dost put?
I'le make the eat thy words:
I am as sober (I suppose)
As in the morning when I rose;
No more of these discords.

3.

I, a-am I not quietly come in?
And but that thou didst first begin
To abuse me in this kind,
And sith thou doest my humours thwart,
I could almost find in my heart
Too beat thee lame or blind.

4.

When she saw what her words had wrought,
And to what humour he was brought,

She

She wiſely chang'd her note,
And with fair words got him to bed:
But in the morning what ſhe ſaid,
The ſecond part ſhall ſhew't.

An Advice for Women.

A Womans rule ſhould be in ſuch a faſhion,
Only to rule her Houſhold and her paſſion:
And her obedience never out of ſeaſon,
So long as either Husbands laſts or reaſon,
Ill fares that harmleſs Family, that ſhows
A Cock that's ſilent, and a Hen that crows,
I know not which live more unnatural lives,
Obedient Husbands, or Commanding wives.

The Concluſion.

And now my Muſe with me is like to ſcold,
For uſing her aſſiſtance at this time,
In railing Proſe, and flattering pleaſing Rime,
Though feminine, yet ſhe's not of that mould:
For ſhe holds froward language for a crime,
And ſayes, with her I have been over bold:
The forked Mountains ſhe in haſte doth clime,
And at her partings thus to me ſhe told,
I doubt (my Friend thou't purchaſe) womens hatred,
When theſe my lines are amongſt the people ſcatter'd.

FINIS.